

THE DAILY NEWS

RETIRED
FROM BUSINESS

H. HERSHKIND
& CO

STOCK FOR SALE
FIXTURES FOR SALE

The Public Profiting.

Our entire stock of
custom-made Suits and
Overcoats, together
with Store Fixtures,
&c., now being closed
out.

Such values never before offered. We are

retiring from business and the stock must go.

Men's Worsteds Suits, Which Were \$15, Now Marked \$8.00	AND
Single or Double Breasted or cutaways, all fashionable colors and cuts. Cassimere and Cheviot Suits at same price.	UPWARD.
Men's Winter Overcoats, Which Were \$12, Now Marked \$3.00	AND
Of Melton, Kersey, Cassimere or Italian, cloth lining, all fashionable cuts and colors.	UPWARD.
Boys' Diagonal Suits, Which Were \$12, Now Marked \$3.00	AND
Long and Short Pants, Two and three price suits. Sweet fit and stylish finish.	UPWARD.
Men's Odd Coats, Which Were \$5, Now Marked \$3.00	AND
Single or Double Breasted or cutaways, from broken lots, scraps of the tailor's art.	UPWARD.
Men's Trousers, Which Were \$7, Now \$2.25	

Men's Trousers, Were \$1, Marked \$2.00 AND
Made from stylish plaids, stripes and mixtures. UPWARD.

We can fit you, having all sizes from a three-year-old Child's Suit to a Man's stout, measuring 48-inch breast.

HIRSHKIND & CO.,

396 AND 398 BROADWAY,
S. E. COR.
WALKER ST. "ALL BLUE SIGNS." OPEN SATURDAY
UNTIL 10 P. M.

AMUSEMENTS.
Huber's 14th St. Palace Museum.
7 IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARTIST. 7
 Annie Thompson, Chas. Tripp, Ar-
 mule, The Drake, Fritz Killebuck,
 Grand, Making Good, The Duke,
 South Iron, strong men, Mermaid,
 N. N. Draine, No No, Vaudeville.

1434 STREET THE RE. Near 6th Ave.
Reserved Seats. Orchestra Circle & Balcony. 50c.
Return for two seats only.

BLUE JEANS.
The Name Magnificent Product on
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Working machinery, food products, electrical
Parade, works of art, household goods.
Music every afternoon and evening.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

1892. ANNUAL FAIR 1892.

of the
ORPHAN ASYLUM SOCIETY
OF THE CITY OF BROOKLYN
AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC
NOV. 16, 17, 18 and 19,
from 12 to 10 P. M.
Hot Lunch from 12 to 2 P. M.
Military Drill and other attractions,
and the usual social features.

PARK THEATRE, B'way & 30th St.
 Mate Tuxes, Thurs. & Sat.
 George Thacher's **TUXEDO**
 Brilliant company in
THE TUXEDO
 Broadway, near 30th St.
 Nights, 9, 10, 11.
THE DUTCH GIRL
 In a revival of his World-Famous Comedy,
FUN ON THE BRISTOL.

[illegible]

UNION SQUARE. Mrs. Wed. & Sat. LAST TWO WEEKS. **ELIOT TILLY.** ZINK'S burlesque on Letitia Callahan's "Topsy-turvy" at 10 p.m.

GARDEN THEATRE. To-night, Mat. Sat. and Thanksgiving day. **BOSTONIANS IN ROBBY WOOD.**

AMERICAN THEATRE. M. W. Hanley, Mgr.

Mr. Edgar's Harrigan's success for front play.
"SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY,"
 Wednesday, Matinee Saturday,
5TH AVE. THEATRE. Broadway 24th at
 MATINEES SATURDAYS.
 MR. KAT. G. GOODWIN.
A GILDED FOOL.
 C. S. KNOX. Broadway and 42nd Sts.

THE FENCING MASTER. with **MARIE TEMPEST.** Admission 50c. Mat. reserved and month show.
PALMER'S THEATRE. **BRONSON**
HOWARD'S **ARISTOCRACY.** Free. Sat. 15.
 Sat. Mat. at 2.
COLUMBIA. **EDWIN KNOWLES & CO.,** Proprietors.
 Every Evening, Matinee Wed. and Sat.
E. H. SOTHERN **CAPT. LITTLEBATE**
AMPHION. **EDWIN KNOWLES,** Proprietor and Manager.
 Every Eve. Matinee Sat. only.
FRANCIS WILSON **IN THE LION TAMER**

to a	glided into the path, from among the evergreens, an apparition that stilled the breath of the child.	She sprang up and would have left the room, but he held her hand and would not let her go. "Aye, you are flesh and
---------	--	--

beatings of his hearted caused a sensation of coldness to steal over him. What he saw was a woman dressed in white, slowly going toward the house. There was but little light and he could but dimly make out her form, but he saw enough to know whose form, whose movements—

ment it was. He could not, even under the circumstances, be mistaken in Laura. It was she, he knew, but not as she was when he saw her last. He saw sorrow, trouble, disappointment written in her movement.

He watched until she saw her enter the kitchen when he turned away feeling such a sensation as he never experienced in all his life. He did not believe in anything supernatural, yet he was almost forced to admit that he had seen a spirit.

He had passed before his eyes that night, and

Aye, yes, you are his wife—Thompson. I have known you for years, and saw where he had registered at the hotel. J. P. Thompson and wife. I never forgot it."

It was like a whole ray of light being thrown on Laura's mind. She saw that a great mistake had been made by Lem, and she understood how a part of it had come about.

"I am," she said, unwittingly calling him by his first name, "my sister married Mr. Thompson and it must have been her you saw at St. Louis. She and I are the only ones left of our family, and I am like that our own family could hardly

But two or three was hat elapsed since he saw her in St. Louis, rosy and happy, and he had not seen her since, not as she came over her son's room.

He walked back to the mill and for hours sat on the platform in front of the mill, waiting for the first train to come to note the flight of time. At last he arose with a shiver, passed into the mill and lay down on the bed, and in the morning he was found there, burning with fever and delirious. A doctor was summoned, and when he came he shook his head gravely, saying: "He will not live."

"The trouble is more of the mind than the body," he said, "and medicine can do little good."

He lay there continually in an incoherent way, and though the doctor held his ear close to the unconscious man's lips he could not understand but one word he uttered, and that was "Laura."

Over and over he spoke that name. "His friend is in contact with the doctor," she said. "His personal care can save him."

Days passed, and then consciousness came back to Laura. She opened her eyes and looked about him. His first glance rested on a face familiar, yet strangely altered—a face that had been with him in the hospital, but now so pale, so thin, so weak, and so full of suffering. Her eyes, for a moment, were closed, and she thought of the health. It was Laura's face, saddened and pale now, but Laura's face still, and so full of life, so full of hope, so full of reality, he soon comprehended that she was there in the flesh. For a long time he lay there, looking at her, and then, suffering, then he said sadly: "Laura, I love a little that is all I can ask. Will you, Laura? Will you try to forgive me a little?"

Laura laid her hand on Lem's forehead and looked down into his poor, wasted face, saying: "I will forgive you everything. Lem, I forgive you because I love you."

Two months later Lem was well, and the wedding was held at Judge Dagley's house. The bride and the groom still bore some traces of the suffering they had endured, but in the light of a new happiness shone in their faces, showing that the night was over, and that the dawn of a new day had broken over their lives. *—The End—*

100

glided into the path, from among the overgreens, an apparition that stifled the beating of his heart and caused a sensation of coldness to steal over him. What he saw was a woman dressed in white, who was going toward the house. There was but little light and he could but dimly make out her form, but he saw enough to know her form, whose movement it was. It would not, even under the circumstances, be mistaken for Laura. It was she, he knew, but as she was so near he saw her face. He saw sorrow, trouble, disappointment written in her eyes.

She sprang up and would have left the room, but he held her hand and would not let her go. "Are, you are dead and blood," he muttered. "You are real."

Then he drew her to him as if to kiss her, but remembering himself, he detached her hand.

"I forgot, you are the wife of another."

"The wife of another?" Laura repeated wonderfully.

"Are, yes. You are his wife—Thompson's. I saw you with him at St. Louis—saw where he had registered at the hotel, with Thompson and wife." "I never forgot it."

After a while a ray of light began to

He watched until she saw her enter the house, then he turned away feeling such a sense of relief and been able to breathe again in all his life. He did not believe in anything supernatural, yet he was almost sure that he had seen her.

It could not be Laura in the flesh that had passed before his eyes that night, for he had never seen her since. But he saw her in St. Louis, rose and happy, and could get a change could not have come to her so soon.

He walked back the mill and for

hours sat on the pier in front of the building too deeply engrossed in thought to notice the boat that was approaching with a shiver, passed into the mill and lay down on his bed. The next morning he was found there, burning with fever and delirium. A doctor was summoned, and he said he could not save his life, but was pronouncing Lem's recovery doubtful.

"The trouble is more of the mind than

[illegible]

and looked about him. His first glance rested on a face familiar, yet strangely strange. "I have seen you somewhere," he said, "but I cannot remember where." "I forgive you everything," Lem. I forgive you because I love you," said the girl, smiling at him. "I will, and then one day there was a quiet wedding at Judge Dagley's house. The bride and groom were young and handsome, the bride with a white veil and the groom in the light of a new happiness shone in their faces, showing that the night was over and the dawn of a new day had broken over their lives. "I love you,"

He watched until she saw her enter the house, then he turned away feeling such a sense of relief and been able to breathe again in all his life. He did not believe in anything supernatural, yet he was almost sure that he had seen her.

It could not be Laura in the flesh that had passed before his eyes that night, for he had never seen her since. But he saw her in St. Louis, rose and happy, and could get a change could not have come to her so soon.

He walked back the mill and for

hours sat on the pier in front of the building too deeply engrossed in thought to notice the boat that was approaching with a shiver, passed into the mill and lay down on his bed. The next morning he was found there, burning with fever and delirium. A doctor was summoned, and he said he could not save his life, but was pronouncing Lem's recovery doubtful.

"The trouble is more of the mind than

[illegible]

and looked about him. His first glance rested on a face familiar, yet strangely strange. "I have seen you somewhere," he said, "but I cannot remember where." "I forgive you everything," Lem. I forgive you because I love you," said the girl, smiling at him. "I will, and then one day there was a quiet wedding at Judge Dagley's house. The bride and groom were young and handsome, the bride with a white veil and the groom in the light of a new happiness shone in their faces, showing that the night was over and the dawn of a new day had broken over their lives. "I love you,"

He watched until she saw her enter the house, then he turned away feeling such a sense of relief and been able to breathe again in all his life. He did not believe in anything supernatural, yet he was almost sure that he had seen her.

It could not be Laura in the flesh that had passed before his eyes that night, for he had never seen her since. But he saw her in St. Louis, rose and happy, and could get a change could not have come to her so soon.

He walked back the mill and for

hours sat on the pier in front of the building too deeply engrossed in thought to notice the boat that was approaching with a shiver, passed into the mill and lay down on his bed. The next morning he was found there, burning with fever and delirium. A doctor was summoned, and he said he could not save his life, but was pronouncing Lem's recovery doubtful.

"The trouble is more of the mind than

little girl," he said, and Christine could do little else than to smile at him. "I am glad," he said, "that you have been so close to the incomprehensible man's life; you could understand but one word he said, and that was the word 'Christine.' Over and over he spoke that name."

"His trouble is connected with her," she declared, "and I am sure that I alone can save him."

Days passed, and their consciousness of the danger which threatened them grew. "I can save him," and he repeated his eyes

thing attending it. "I am glad," he said, "that you have been so close to the incomprehensible man's life; you could understand but one word he said, and that was the word 'Christine.' Over and over he spoke that name."

"His trouble is connected with her," she declared, "and I am sure that I alone can save him."

Days passed, and their consciousness of the danger which threatened them grew. "I can save him," and he repeated his eyes

and looked about him. His first glance rested on a face familiar, yet strangely strange. "I have seen you somewhere," he said, "but I cannot remember where." "I forgive you everything," Lem. I forgive you because I love you. I love you because you are so well, and then one day there was a quiet wedding at Judge Dagley's house. The bride and groom were young people, the bride a girl of whom I had heard, and the groom a fellow of whom I had heard. The light of a new happiness shone in their faces, showing that the night was over, and that the day had begun. I broke out, then, my love, my love, my love."

He watched until she saw her enter the house, then he turned away feeling such a sense of relief and been able to breathe again in all his life. He did not believe in anything supernatural, yet he was almost sure that he had seen her.

It could not be Laura in the flesh that had passed before his eyes that night, for he had never seen her since. But he saw her in St. Louis, rose and happy, and could get a change could not have come to her so soon.

He walked back the mill and for

hours sat on the pier in front of the building too deeply engrossed in thought to notice the boat that was approaching with a shiver, passed into the mill and lay down on his bed. The next morning he was found there, burning with fever and delirium. A doctor was summoned, and he said he could not save his life, but was pronouncing Lem's recovery doubtful.

"The trouble is more of the mind than

little girl," he said, and Christine could do little else than to smile at him. "I am glad," he said, "that you have been so close to the incomprehensible man's life; you could understand but one word he said, and that was the word 'Christine.' Over and over he spoke that name."

"His trouble is connected with her," she declared, "and I am sure that I alone can save him."

Days passed, and their consciousness of the danger which threatened them grew. "I can save him," and he repeated his eyes

thing attending it. "I am glad," he said, "that you have been so close to the incomprehensible man's life; you could understand but one word he said, and that was the word 'Christine.' Over and over he spoke that name."

"His trouble is connected with her," she declared, "and I am sure that I alone can save him."

Days passed, and their consciousness of the danger which threatened them grew. "I can save him," and he repeated his eyes

and looked about him. His first glance rested on a face familiar, yet strangely strange. "I have seen you somewhere," he said, "but I cannot remember where." "I forgive you everything," Lem. I forgive you because I love you. I love you because you are so well, and then one day there was a quiet wedding at Judge Dagley's house. The bride and groom were young people, the bride a girl of whom I had heard, and the groom a fellow of whom I had heard. The light of a new happiness shone in their faces, showing that the night was over, and that the day had begun. I broke out, then, my love, my love, my love."

and looked about him. His first glance rested on a face familiar, yet strangely strange. "I have seen you somewhere," he said, "but I cannot remember where." "I forgive you everything," Lem. I forgive you because I love you," said the girl, smiling sweetly and well, and then one day there was a quiet wedding at Judge Dagley's house. The bride and groom were young and handsome, the bride a girl of whom the best people in the light of a new happiness shone in their faces, showing that the night was over, and the dawn of a new day had broken over their lives. "I love you,"

and looked about him. His first glance rested on a face familiar, yet strangely strange. "I have seen you somewhere," he said, "but I cannot remember where." "I forgive you everything," Lem. I forgive you because I love you," said the girl, smiling sweetly and well, and then one day there was a quiet wedding at Judge Dagley's house. The bride and groom were young and handsome, the bride a girl of whom the best people in the light of a new happiness shone in their faces, showing that the night was over, and the dawn of a new day had broken over their lives. "I love you,"

and looked about him. His first glance rested on a face familiar, yet strangely strange. "I have seen you somewhere," he said, "but I cannot remember where." "I forgive you everything," Lem. I forgive you because I love you," said the girl, smiling sweetly and well, and then one day there was a quiet wedding at Judge Dagley's house. The bride and groom were young and handsome, the bride a girl of whom the best people in the light of a new happiness shone in their faces, showing that the night was over, and the dawn of a new day had broken over their lives. "I love you,"

100